The Pole Star Monthly

SUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER

昭和七年七月九日第三種郵便物認可　昭和十二年七月廿五日印刷　昭和十二年八月一日發行　（毎月一回一日發行）

VOL. XIII—NO. 1　AUGUST 1, 1937　*Price 5 sen*　Published by the Hokuseido Nishikicho, Kanda, Tokyo

Welcome!

The Hokuseido Press extend herewith their heartiest welcome to the delegates to the Seventh World Conference of the W.F.E.A., and hope that their stay in this country will prove a pleasant and profitable opportunity for them to further the objectives of the Confederation, and to promote the understanding among the nations of the world. If any of you who happens to come across with this English magazine, which is read by thousands of Japanese students, has anything to say to the Japanese readers, we shall be most happy to print his words on these pages.

The
Pole Star Monthly
SUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER

昭和七年七月九日第三種郵便物認可　　昭和十二年七月廿五日印刷　昭和十二年八月一日發行　（毎月一回一日發行）

VOL. XIII—NO. 1]　　AUGUST 1, 1937　　*Price 5 sen*　　Published by the Hokuseido Nishikicho, Kanda, Tokyo

Angell Defines the Vital Task of Education

By L. H. ROBBINS

Dr. James Rowland Angell, about to retire from the presidency of Yale University, discussed, the other day, some of the conclusions he has reached after his long service as a leader of education.

His sixteen years at the head of Yale have been the period of swiftest expansion in the history of that university and of the college world in general. He came in with the rush of students to the campuses after the war. He has seen their number doubled in the nation, and the appropriations and benefactions for education vastly multiplied.

What may be expected to come of all this growth? What part will education play in the world of tomorrow? What does it promise in the way of help for humanity in the social, economic and political difficulties of the age?

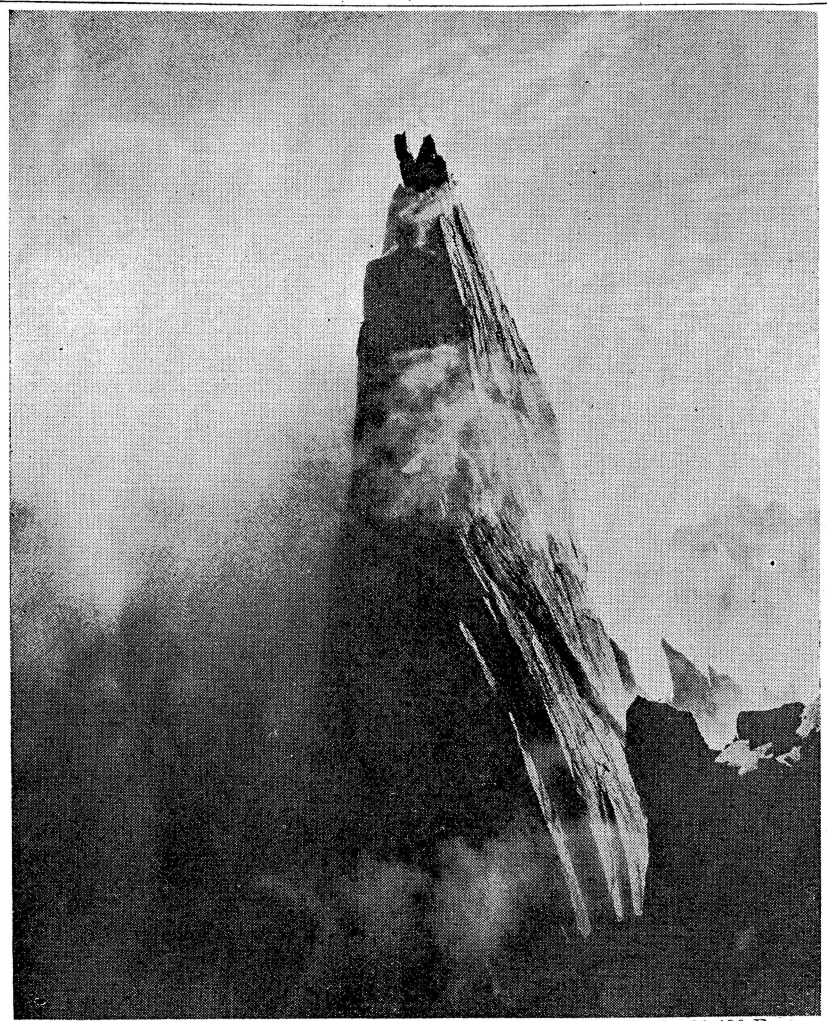
Dr. Angell has pondered such questions and has put his whole philosophy to the task of trying to answer them.

At noon on a warm June day the Yale president had taken refuge from the heat by crossing the corridor from his office in Woodbridge Hall to the spacious, cool board-room. There, in a high-back chair at the head of the long, lonely table, revising a manuscript that may have been his baccalaureate address of today, he looked to be all that his reputation says he is: an intense man of affairs who, under the burdens of administering an exacting institution, remains a keen, careful scholar—in this instance a psychologist of the first order.

There is no showman impressiveness in Dr. Angell. In his blue serge business suit he might be a hard-working executive in any commercial house in Chapel Street. Before he has talked a minute, however, you know that you are in the presence of a mind of uncommon power. His swift words flow along like the print of a fine book. His blue eyes behind their nose-glasses sparkle with delighted interest in the subject of his thinking.

They are tired eyes, though. You wonder whether a university presidency is worth all that it takes, and whether this man under whose guidance Yale has grown, in physical plant and in intellectual potential, to be one of the most envied of centers of learning, may not be glad, at 68, to stand aside for a younger leader.

He denies, of course, that he is



A Fantastic Steeple Challenging the Mountaineer. "Le Fou"—An 11,490-Feet Peak in the Alps above Chamonix.
—*The Illustrated London News.*

weary of it: He has said, with mock indignation. "I am not retiring. I am being retired—for obvious and offensive senility." There is still a lot of work in him; but the retirement rule at Yale is iron. And so it comes about that Provost Charles Seymour, historian, will preside in his stead in September.

Dr. Angell's thought, on stepping down, is not of the increase of Yale's endowment from $25,000,000 to $100,000,000 in his time, nor yet of the magnificent new buildings that have raised their handsome towers beside the old Quadrangle. Important as the structures and the tools of education may be, the thing, to him, is the education.

Radical critics ask, "Is education a failure? Does it justify its freedom and its opportunity? Does it render due service to society?" Just as earnestly Dr. Angell, who is no radical, asks the same questions, for he believes that education is "at the heart of a sound social order," and "the only highroad over which enduring advance can be made," and he would have it do its expected work in life.

But he is a philosopher aware of the immensity of the world's needs and the inevitable slowness of progress; and when impatient voices cry to the universities to rush out and rescue the world from its troubles and bring in the millennium overnight, he would first make sure that the universities have the needed thing to offer. He feels that educators can best improve the world by improving education.

He says, "Subtract from civilization all that education has brought to it, and the world would still be in the Dark Ages." But the present age is not any too bright, at that; better education than we have had may be needed. Above most other constructive idealists in the field, Dr. Angell has had the authority and the means to put his ideas into action—he says, "I've been lucky." What has happened at Yale is a practical demonstration of his beliefs.

Better teaching heads his list of things to be desired. He has drawn to New Haven more than sixty men of professorial rank from all parts of the world; men of outstanding attainment and distinction in their fields. With them have come scores of younger teachers of exceptional quality. more and more of whom are recruited from the Yale Graduate School, where standards have risen very high indeed. He reports, as do other observers, that the intellectual and spiritual level of Yale undergraduate life has been distinctly raised in consequence, with intellectual curiosity, that lately rare and shy thing at colleges, running all over the place.

To be scholarly, Dr. Angell confides, has actually become fashionable. Heavy subjects like international relations, diplomatic history and the science of government are booming. Debating, once scorned by the crowd, is popular. The fine-arts courses, long ignored by campus youth, attract 500 students, and they are not snap courses, either; their textbooks are usually in foreign languages. Most encouraging of all, as Dr. Angell views it, social consciences are more numerous than ever in the past, and fewer students strive solely to make expert go-getters of themselves.

Such are the signs of a new day at Yale. Partly it is the seriousness of the times, but still more, Dr. Angell thinks, it is the influence of inspiring teachers. He argues that the annual output of young minds quickened by such teaching is as valuable a contribution as a university can make to a troubled world.

The second thing that higher education should do, Dr. Angell thinks, is to synthesize and integrate the many departments of knowledge of the university; to discourage "the intellectual parochialism" that tends to split up a university into disrelated and jealous parts, each part going it alone, keeping the university from being "a real universe of thought" and thus preventing it from attaining its full usefulness. "Knowledge is abundant in the world," he tells you, "but it must be coordinated if it is to save a confused civilization; and only in the universities is there much hope of effecting the coordination."

He is strong for specialized research and would foster every promising sort, for, he says, "Nobody knows what particular line of study may ultimately prove to have practical value." Nevertheless, the universities have a greater reason for existing than "to gratify the trivial, fanciful esoteric interests of scholars. If they are to deserve their place in the world they must turn more of their attention toward those compelling problems on the solution of which civilization depends for its continuance."

He calls for "a new sense of those problems, a fresh interest in bringing the university's full knowledge and skill to bear on them, and a conscious trend to further our fundamental knowledge of the forces that control life and organized society." All departments of learning are to unite in that aim. One science alone cannot accomplish much in such matters as crime, poverty and unemployment. There must be an ordered attack, a pooling of thought from every helpful direction.

It means something new in undergraduate education. "If we are to send out minds capable of dealing with the problems of the day," says Dr. Angell, "there must be training of the mind of youth to recognize their complicated nature and to subject them to careful, critical, unemotional, even skeptical analysis. And college graduates must carry into the world at least a nodding acquaintance with the cooperative methods necessary for helping with them."

This idea has taken hold at Yale in recent years, with the result, it is said, of making the university a closer-woven unit than ever before—"solidarity," they call it, all departments consciously working toward the common end of preparing men for service in a world that has lately become rather a mess.

The new Institute of Human Relations is a project applying the same idea. It brings together thinkers from many corners of the university to study world problems from as many sides. Its recent publications, including "Caste and Class in a Southern Town," "After the Shutdown," "New Light on Delinquency and Its Treatment," "Insurance or the Dole?" and "Union Management Cooperation in the Stretch-Out," are products of the "synthesis of knowledge" of which Dr. Angell speaks. He is hopeful that the contagion of this example of what the university can do directly for the world will spread.

The building up of the work of all of the ten or more schools of the university has marked Dr. Angell's years at Yale. Many of these advances are set down to the credit of other men, but credit is given to him for "creating the atmosphere in which thought could grow." He sees his dream of making Yale "a place of learning" on the way to fulfilment.

Another notable endeavor of the outgoing president has been the much-discussed "college plan"—adopted earlier at Harvard—for dividing the undergraduate body into residential groups. Those old grads who remember that Dr. Angell is

not a Yale man, as most of their presidents have been, but an importation from the West, have gnashed their teeth at the plan, fearing that it would dissipate the old Yale spirit. But, now in full force, it has not kept Yale from living up to her honorable and—at New Haven—all-important traditions. The lads still win football games and belong to secret societies.

The son of a great college president and the grandson of another, Dr. Angell might be expected to have a definition for education. But he smiles cannily and straightarms the question.

"A man trained all his life in philosophy doesn't commit himself to definitions," he says. All the same, you gather that the word has a very definite meaning to him, and that education, in his opinion, comprises a great deal more than book learning.

Quoting Lord Bryce, who said: "Knowledge is one only among the things which go to the making of a good citizen. Public spirit and honesty are even more needful," Dr. Angell adds:

"The task of education today is more than ever before in the field of morals. The attitude of a man toward his job in the world is much more important than his intellectual equipment for the job. If he does not approach the world with an intelligent social altruism and with the willingness to impose upon himself a high degree of social discipline under which he will forego some of the individual prerogatives which he once could claim, then he is not yet educated."

That, perhaps, is the main clause of Dr. Angell's educational creed.

He has taught much to Yale. What has Yale taught him? Only the things, he answers, that he began to learn at Michigan, Minesota and Chicago. Chief of these he puts at "an ever-broadening and increasingly sympathetic appreciation of the complexity of human life, and a steadily growing awarness of the unitary character of humanity's interests. A strike in Illinois, trouble in Detroit, trouble anywhere means trouble in New Haven, New York, everywhere."

After that, Dr. Angell lists, as a thing he has learned by heart, that "Patience is a priceless virtue," without which in this jumbled, jostling world, a man, an institution or a cause is unlikely to go far. All progress is tediously uphill and slow, and there are no shortcuts. The individual human being needs twenty-five years to develop in body and still more years to mature in mind and to learn the fundamentals of happy living. And society is only the sum total of individuals.

"You can't hurry individual growth," he says, "and no more can you hurry social advance. There is so much that can't be taught; so much that each generation must painfully find out for itself in the process of actual experience." The earthly paradise, he believes, will come some time, but not right away, and not through the ministration of any panacea but only through the discovery and the acceptance of the saving truth. To seek and serve and conserve that truth is the function of the universities. And when universities are repressed, as they are in some lands today, he wonders where mankind in search of truth will turn.

Dr. Angell classes himself as a meliorist. A meliorist is one who is a long way from being an optimist, yet a little further from being a pessimist. "I am confident," he says, "of the ultimate power of the human spirit through intelligence and character to reach ever higher levels."

He fixes his faith in enlightened education as being, on the whole, the most hopeful agency in the world for developing that power. The best that it can expect to do is to leaven the mass. The mass is large, and the time in which formal education can make contact with it and possibly influence it is brief. If educators all along the line, from the elementary schools up to the graduate colleges, will put human life and human society in the central place in their work, perhaps they can make that work count for more.

A very human person is this man who has run the Yale machine since 1921. He is a little proud of winning the "Battell Chapel Sweepstakes" year after year, for steady attendance at the college religious services. He was an intercollegiate tennis star in his student days at Michigan, but now gives his attention, in his few leisure hours, to golf. Says a colleague of his, "He can finish the Yale course with the same ball he started with, so you know he is pretty good."

He likes to jolly the old grads. "As a result of successful seasons of Yale athletic teams," he remarked lately, "there has been a widespread feeling among the alumni that the educational policies of the institution must be sound." He prefaced the present interview by discussing, as a psychologist, and with rich humor, why it is that colleges have their lean years at football.

You may suppose it is simply because they lack the brawn; but he points out that there is little to choose, physically, in this day and age, between the football squad at one college and that at another; they are equals in poundage and muscle, as they are also, perhaps, in intelligence. Coaching to perfect the men in their assignments and to develop team strategy has something to do with football success, no doubt. But more than all that, Dr. Angell thinks, it is a matter of human relations; of the right man beside the right man; of maximum friendliness, understanding, confidence and cooperation among team-mates. When eleven men can be put together who "click" psychologically, they win their games. And perhaps there's a lesson in that for mankind.

What Dr. Angell's undertakings will be, now that his presidency at Yale is over, he does not say. But it is certain that he will go on working. He is far from being retired from the world and its life.

—The New York Times Magazine.

The Influence of My Father on My Son

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

If my father could watch my son for a while, he might realize his own immortality. He would be amused to see Pete, a child of six, wave his hand in the identical gesture my father made to indicate that a questionable assertion of his was obvious or final. When I first noticed it, I called it an inheritance direct from him till my matter-of-fact wife showed me that I had the same wave and used it in saying I didn't.

My son's mother, by the way, spoils many of our most wonderful fancies, Pete's and mine; and that's why he and I have agreed upon a sentiment which we sing in unison behind her back and sometimes in her presence: "Pete and Papa are wonderful, Mama and Anna [the maid] are ab-surd." My father would be amused at that. He would recognize in it himself, for he and I were often in cahoots against my

mother, affectionately. Mothers do not always understand a fellow.

My son "honors" his mother, as I did mine, but if he breaks something he tells me about it first, and then, when his mother discovers the wreck, he backs into my arms and bids her not speak of it.

"Daddy minded that," he says.

I asked him once why it was that he respected his mother and had no fear of me. "Oh," he said, "you are a funny man. You can get mad, like Mama, but you laugh. And—and anybody that laughs can't—can't do—what Mama does."

My father seemed always to know not only what I was doing, but what I was being. If I became too noisy with the whistle when playing steamboat captain, he had too much respect for a steamboat captain to humiliate me before my crew. If I committed a crime, he would not break into the scene and spoil it; he would say quietly, "I'll see you tomorrow morning right after breakfast." I take my father's way with my son, only I do not threaten punishment in the morning. That was awful. Late into the night I would lie awake tossing and wondering what he was going to do to me. In Pete's house we go to bed with a clean slate and a happy morrow to wake up to.

I let my boy go and do and say pretty much as he likes, perhaps because my father kept no string on me. I could roam as a child far afield; he gave me my pony to widen my range. My mother would ask where I had been, rarely my father, and he backed me up if I did not want to tell—at the time.

"No, don't ask him now," he would say. "He will tell us if he goes anywhere he shouldn't." And later, when the pressure was off, I would tell him that, say, I had gone down to the river. That was forbidden. I was afraid of that river myself; it looked cruel, but my mother's fear was excited and unreasonable. I could not tell her I had been there. My father, when I told him, would become very quiet, thoughtful, then would say:

"You have been told not to go to that river?"

"Yes."

A pause. "You don't often disobey us, do you?"

"No."

"You must have wanted very much to go there if you disregarded our command that way. What was it made you do it?"

I gave him my boy's reason, straight: a man had been drowned and I wanted to see them drag for the body.

"Did you?" he asked, interested.

"Yes, we saw them drag, but they didn't get the body." And, because he was so keen, I described all that we boys saw, and did, and said, just as I would to "another fellow." We had a long equal talk about the day's work on the river and I had forgotten about my disobedience when my father said:

"I should have liked to see that myself. I wish you had come by my office and taken me with you. Do that next time. And say, I wouldn't again disobey directly like that any of the few rules we lay down for you."

I loved my mother, but—my father respected me. He respected, as you see, my disobedience; he respected my bunk, my lies, my crimes. When I was a fireman, Mother made me clothes of red stuff that were suitable for a fire-fighter—sure; and she let me ride my pony to fires; but when one day there was an alarm during dinner and I leaped up so quick that I nearly upset the table, she remonstrated and forbade me to go to that fire. I wasn't really a fireman to her. To my father I was. He sprang up too, put out a hand to stay my mother's indignation, and shouted: "Go it, boy! Get there—first!"

This I have passed on intact to Pete. When the boy was in the so-called lying period (he was about five years old) he learned to tell his big stories to me rather than his mother. She was patient with them, but they were whoppers just the same. I joined in his fiction, as I did in his business operations. We ran a garage, I as owner, he as manager; we had a taxi and baggage service, which met all trains and responded, fast, to all private calls. It was real and pretty strenuous to us all—his mother, too—but the test came when there was a train to meet at mealtimes. Then it appeared pretty plainly that Pete's mother really regarded the garage business as bunk, or at any rate not as serious as his dinner!

Well, we business men held a directors' meeting and announced that, hereafter, our garage would close from one to two p.m. But we sang our little song: "Pete and Papa are wonderful, Mama and Anna are absurd."

Mama, Anna, and many of our neighbors disapproved of this song. When we sang it together at a tea, women were shocked and some men wagged their heads. "How can you teach your son such nonsense!"—and if I explained that it doesn't matter what you *teach* a child, that all that matters is what he *learns*, they did not understand me. My father would have understood perfectly, as his grandson did. Maybe the following incident will clear it all up.

One day Pete came to my study and said that he had just killed a bear.

"That's wonderful," I said. "A coincidence. I just killed ten bears." He looked a bit dashed, but I rose and said: "Come on, Pete, let's go and tell Mama."

"Oh, no," he protested, "not Mama." But reluctantly he put his hand in mine and we went up to his mother, who was busy.

"Mama," I said, "Pete killed a bear."

Annoyed, she demanded why I encouraged the boy to lie like that.

"Oh, that's nothing," I said. "I just killed ten bears."

"Oh, go away!" she exclaimed, in real irritation. "You are both liars and I don't think it's funny."

We took hands again; we bear-killers, we liars, we slunk out of the house and sat down on the front steps. We were silent a long time. At last Pete spoke.

"Daddy, Pete and Papa are not wonderful."

"No?"

"No. Mama is wonderful. Pete and Papa are absurd."

You don't have to be careful with children, unless you have taken a pose and have to remember to keep it up.

My father made with me one serious mistake which I see parents about me making. He got himself somehow into the awkward position of an authority. He did not pretend to righteousness or omniscience; but I suppose he did what I see other parents do; he probably answered impatiently and therefore positively the prattling questions of my early childhood. I thought he knew and was right on everything—for a while. And tragedy came when I discovered that he could be wrong.

Remembering the distress of my disillusionment, the first time my son asked me a question, I said I did not know; and the next time, and the next. I have never known the answer. Sometimes I say, "I don't know. Let's go and see." So we find out things together. If that is not possible, I may say: "I don't know, Pete, but I think it's—so."

A Changing World Mirrored In The Library

By ANTHONY COLE

How have the world-shaking events of recent years affected American thought? The false prosperity of the Nineteen Twenties, the depression, the struggle for recovery, the liberal revolution here, the rise of strange forms of government abroad—what have they done to our ideas and our intellectual habits? In a changing world, are we ourselves much changed from, say, ten years ago?

The public librarians of the land, meeting in New York this week in the fifty-ninth annual convention of the American Library Association, constitute a handy barometer to consult in the matter, and a fairly accurate one, too, for their 10,000 libraries lend books to more than one-fifth of the population of the country. What signs and portents do they perceive in the big sample of American life browsing among their bookshelves?

The new interest of Americans in world affairs and human welfare seems, however, to betoken more than a breeze. Watchful librarians liken it to a tidal movement, one of those ground swells in reading that sets in slowly and continues perhaps for years. Such a tide, they say, is now running strong, taking odd and often unaccountable directions but making steadily toward a higher level of serious thinking than Americans in large numbers have ever reached before.

Dr. Harry M. Lydenberg, director of the New York Public Library, reports "a spontaneous increase of demand for better reading" throughout the library system under his charge.

"Reading tastes in any disturbed period," he says, "follow a definite cycle. When the World War began the first requests were for superficial information—facts about the Balkan States, the Hapsburg monarchy, the Belgian treaty, and so on. Next, a call rose for books like 'Over the Top,' telling of the adventures of the individual soldier in warfare. At last, as surprise and sentiment gave way to realization of the ruinous thing loosed in the world, a demand grew for books on the causes and the cure of war.

"The same sequence of reading marked the depression years. People wished first to learn why the boom had collapsed; they were alert but not yet greatly startled. As business declined and jobs became fewer, throngs of anxious people asked for books that might give them quick help in their individual problems. Finally came a wave of readers eager to learn why depressions occurred, how they could be prevented.

"This wave is still with us and has not reached its crest. Here again, as in the war years, we see the progress of reading from the particular and the immediate to the general and the fundamental and from individual interest to social concern. This long-term movement of searching for basic knowledge is the most significant tendency we note today.

"Serious readers are visibly greater in number than ten years ago in most of the divisions of learning, and particularly in the social, economic and governmental field. We notice it even in our central library in Fifth Avenue, which is mainly a reference library and, as a rule, draws only visitors with serious purpose. We notice it most in our forty-seven neighborhood branches. More people than ever before are reading for 'practical' ends rather than for recreation. More people are studying, trying to understand their world and their part in it."

Dr. Lydenberg's observations accord with those of Miss Beatrice Winser of the Newark Public Library, Dr. George F. Bowerman of the Washington Public Library and most others of their calling.

All librarians agree that non-fiction has come romping into its kingdom in these disturbed years; its gain in popularity has been 31 per cent since 1932 in thirty test cities. They admit that new policies of the publishers may have something to do with that gain, and that books on philosophy, religion, history, economics, sociology, mathematics and the physical sciences are now so attractively written as to be best-sellers in any period. Still they think that the chief explanation of the marked increase of "heavy" reading is found in the present thoughtful mood of the nation.

Current fiction, the library circulation figures show, has suffered in proportion as non-fiction has prospered, the demand falling off in some cities by as much as 40 per cent. But the growing soberness of readers does not account entirely for that. Public libraries whose funds have been reduced perhaps two-thirds, as in New York, cannot supply the call for popular novels of the hour, so the call learns to go elsewhere, usually to the lending shelves of the drug stores and the news stands. Then, too, motion pictures and the radio tend to satisfy the craving for the lighter forms of stimulation which people used to seek in books, and that fact also helps to explain the drop in the current-fiction curve of the libraries.

On the other hand, the libraries since 1930 have done a phenomenal business in the standard fiction of immortals like Mark Twain, Dickens, Hawthorne, Dumas and Hugo, which they carry over in stock from better times. They argue that the return of the public to the staple story-tellers of old is another sign of the new gravity of the American reader, even though it may indicate also that he has lately had a good deal of time to kill.

But it is in the non-fiction department that the effects of world events, recent and present, are best seen. Two years ago, in New York, Newark and most other cities, subjects pertaining to work and livelihood and roughly classed as "business" led in reader interest, followed, in order of demand, by history and biography, imaginative literature and philosophy and psychology,

---

Or I say, "Grown-ups say it's so, but we don't really know." Indeed, we have a saying, the boy and I, which we repeat often in unison: "I think so, but I don't know."

The theory of this skepticism is that the child has everything to learn for himself and, for us, not only what we don't know, but also—all over again—what we think we do know. And to enforce his self-reliance I seek cases where he and I can differ. He thinks his ball went over there where I saw it go; I think it went over here. We look here first, and Daddy is wrong. We look over there, and there it is. Pete was right—often.

I don't know what my father would have thought when his grandson said the other day: "My daddy is always wrong. My mama is always right. And Pete? I am half right and half wrong."

I don't know, but I think my father would have sat silent a long time, reflecting, remembering, and then would have seen that his influence upon his grandson—through me—was both directly and indirectly his very own, his immortal self.

—*The Atlantic Monthly.*

with sociology and economics far down the list. Today sociology leads, with psychology and economics close on its heels, while history outranks "business," and both have fallen halfway to the foot of the column along with belles-lettres.

In this shake-up seems to be a sign of the times. The decline of "business" books reflects, presumably, the recovery of jobs by thousands of people who now cease to worry about breadwinning. The attendant growth of interest in books on social security, unemployment, law, government, the monetary system, politics and labor movements hints at a deep-seated anxiety over community well-being and the social order. It is so decided a trend that many a librarian has had to provide new reading space in his political science room.

New crowds of readers ask, "Whither are we drifting?" and go to the bookshelves to find out. The long-neglected social sciences are more popular, all of a sudden, than the natural sciences—and that is saying a great deal, for Americans dearly like to read about electrons, spiral nebulae, the curvature of space, and all that. A constitutional crisis, a controversy over the Federal judiciary, or a proposal to legislate on wages and working hours will fill the reference reading rooms at once. The political trapeze performances in Italy, Russia and Germany keep the catalogue cards on fascism and communism worn to a frazzle.

A large part of the present reader absorption in American history, we are told, arises from the desire of agitated patriots to reassure themselves that things of the sort nowadays happening in Washington have happened in the past, and from the desire of other agitated patriots to be reassured that such things have never happened before.

In brief, citizens past counting are taking their citizenship seriously and seeking for themselves the answers to the questions confronting the Republic.

In taking the public pulse in a public library you get unexpected glimpses of human nature. You hear, for example, that the depression brought new classes of readers to swell the permanent roll of book borrowers.

Says Dr. Bowerman, at Washington: "Hundreds came to escape from unhappiness and, perhaps, to save their minds. Now they have the reading habit, and many who first discovered the library in their dark years stream back steadily today, though they have jobs again. Working hard for a living in the past, they may have felt that they had no time to read. Since their interest has been aroused they find that they cannot afford not to read."

A branch library in New York served many of the idle workers of a near-by shipyard, expecting to be forgotten by them when shipbuilding resumed. The workers, busy once more, continue to drop in for books. Among the new visitors to public libraries are highly educated professional people employed in research in abstruse and difficult problems. Self-sufficient before the depression, they have learned how well the libraries, with their accumulated resources of learning in special fields, can help them.

Another new class of city readers consists of young people between 14 and 18 years of age. Youngsters of their kind were once absorbed by thousands in industry and lost to the world of books. Unwanted by employers during the depression, they drifted to the libraries and were captured as willing readers, perhaps for life—and that's one good thing you can say for the depression.

Along with them are new thousands, young and old, who sustained their spirits through the unemployment period by taking up hobbies. They came to the libraries for books of counsel on photography, geology, bird lore and what-not, and they remain library fans today. Book-review clubs of women readers, now appearing of their own accord at neighborhood libraries to discuss what's worth reading, are incidents in the same general story.

There is a lot of human nature in the circumstances that psychology has bobbed up near the top among the serious subjects which Americans are reading. Many people have been made self-critical by the economic discouragements of this melancholy decade. Others have learned that ambition and diligence are not enough to sway the balance of fortune in their favor.

Crowds of both kinds meet in the psychology alcoves of the public libraries, looking for light on how to add charm to their equipment, so that they may achieve winning personalities and influence their fellowmen. Self-improvement is in the air, and the valiant American spirit does not shrink from going in for it when necessary.

In the libraries you may discover also a strong new tendency toward mysticism. People are saying, "Perhaps there's more in the world than our five senses can comprehend. Perhaps there's something in astrology, numerology, spirit communication, after all." Current periodicals that treat of telepathy, second sight and other such occult matters have long lines of waiting readers; not all of them can be described as "cranks." A similar wave of interest followed Sir Oliver Lodge's adventures in the spirit realm some years ago.

The divisions of religious literature, at the same time, have throngs of readers who ponder the Scriptures and the books of the cabala, groping for new interpretations of ancient writings, trying by their light to explain the present and to foresee the future, as people of the Middle Ages tried to do. The librarians say it is not indulgence of idle fancy, but serious study.

The spread of public forums and adult education, the war cloud over Europe, the problem of neutrality, the consumer cooperatives, the talk of government ownership of public utilities, the quarrel over teachers' loyalty oaths, the upsurge of the C. I. O.—all those things inspire new rushes of readers and contribute to the conclusion of the library forces that the time is serious-minded, that self-education is looking up and that the standard of taste in reading is steadily mounting in this land.

The library people can speak only of their one-fifth of the population, of course. They don't say that all Americans possess, or are possessed with, intellectual curiosity. But they do observe a vast amount of that saving leaven in their fifth of the loaf—enough, perhaps, for the whole.

A Short History of Anglo-Japanese Relations

The Economic History Review, *May, 1937.*

For more than eight years Professor Chozo Muto has been devoting much time and industry to the tracing out of material relating to Anglo-Japanese relations and he has printed a very full bibliography of this. Unfortunately, from the point of view of English students, this work is written in Japanese, and it has proved a happy thought to give the results of the enquiry and an account of the chief sources in English. It is true that these, for the earlier period, are available already to students in this country in Hakluyt and in the publications of the Society which bears his name. Still there are several interesting additions, as, for instance, the tracing of the portrait of Admiral the Hon. Sir F. B. R. Pellew, who commanded the *Phœton* in 1808, which is in itself an interesting tale. The great value of Professor Muto's researches is in supplementing the English sources from Japanese MSS. This, naturally, makes the outline much more complete and often adds valuable detail. In addition this little volume is highly praiseworthy in two other respects. The author writes with a full command of English and his descriptions are vivid. The illustrations add much to the book. They are diversified and well chosen, including portraits of persons, drawings of ships (both Japanese and English) and reproductions of important manuscripts, such as the original privileges granted to English ships in 1613 by Tokugawa Iyeyasu and the title page of the MS. of John Saris describing his first voyage to Japan.—W. R. Scott.

編輯室から

三伏の候に際して暑休號を御手許に御送りいたします。但し今年は暑休號と云つてもillustrations を多くして河邊綠陰で讀んで貰うと云ふものよりも、目下將に開會せられようとして居る世界教育會議に因んで教育的なる記事を三つ許り集錄して置いた。

Angell 博士は世界的な米國の心理學者、過去十六ケ年間米國の有數なる大學 Yale University の總長として令名あり。鋭き叡智の人、圓熟した思想と人格の主である。過ぎ來し方を顧みて現代の教育、將來の教育等に關して試みる談話は味はうべきものがあると思ふ。

其次の「我父親の我息子に及ぼせる影響」なる一文は非常に面白い、愉快な文字である。讀者の何れもが己が姿を其中に見出さるる事多かるべしと思ふ。

最後のものは「圖書館を通じて見た世相の變遷」である。讀書界は移る！ 其れは結局、統計的に見た平均讀書人、卽一般人の人生觀、世界觀、經濟界の反映である。

Omori Harris 氏の「日本物語」と A. F. Thomas 教授並に Keenleyside 博士共著の「日本教育史」は遂に出版部から出版された。「日本物語」は素晴しい名文で書かれて居る。而かも日本人的なユーモアと考へ方がよく映し出されて居る。外人が面白い許りでなく我々が讀んで英語を通じて見た日本の物語が如何に delightful であるかに驚くであらう。「日本教育史」は愈々待望裡に乘り出した。教育關係の士の坐右の本として既に內外人から註文が殺到しつゝある。

暑中の折柄讀者の御健勝を祈る。

(第三種郵便物認可) 昭和十二年八月一日發行 (發行兼印刷人 中上義敬) 發行所 東京市(麹町區)麹町三ノ十二 振替東京一六〇二四番 北星堂 (電話四二九番) 一部五錢 送料五厘 六ヶ年分 十錢 (昭和七年七月九日 昭和十二年七月十五日 印刷所 北星堂印刷所)